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CREOLE BELLE

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Words by George Sidney. Music by J. Bodewalt Lampe.

All coons are prancin' singin' and dancin' go wild with glee,
I'm as happy as happy can be, fill my heart with ecstacy;
All over the nation, a celebration surely will be,
'Cause married I'se gion' to be, to my Creole Belle.

CHORUS.

My Creole Belle, I love her well, around my heart she has cast a spell;
When stars do shine, I call her mine, my dusky baby, my Creole Belle.

See them rehearsin', for this rejoicin', that's going to be,
At the weddin' 'tween baby and me, oh, my what a jamboree;
Congratulations and presentations, is to be made,
Wine, beer and lemonade, at this weddin' will be.

The parson tied the knot and said, you both just been made one;
It was a sight to see, those coons all cheerin' me;
My heart never knew such joy, this moment of my life,
When the parson said to me, the Creole Belle's your wife.

Jack-O-Lantern Man

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Words and Music by "The Honey Boy," George Evans.

There's a creature who am trav'ling 'round at night,
Beware, beware, beware,
If you meet him you will get an awful fright,
Take care, take care, take care;
Whene'er he goes around he never seems to make a sound,
When he catches you he takes you by the hair,
He doesn't let you go, but soon you'll find you know,
Dat you are in the clutches of the Jack-O-Lantern Man,
Dat you are in the clutches of the Jack-O-Lantern Man.

CHORUS.

Oh, de Jack-O-Lantern Man, oh, de Jack-O-Lantern Man,
Run home little pick-a-ninny he's gwine to catch you if he can;
Oh, de Jack-O-Lantern Man, oh, de Jack O-Lantern Man.
Lie low, or off you're gwine to go, to de cabin of de Jack-O-Lantern Man.

If you've been a naughty girl or boy to-day,
Beware, beware, beware,
And he finds you he will take you far away,
Take care, take care, take care;
He'll put you in a pumpkin shell and plant you in de ground,
Your mammy's face you never more will scan,
When summer comes, you know, to a pumpkin you will grow,
Because you're in the clutches of the Jack-O-Lantern Man,
Because you're in the clutches of the Jack-O-Lantern Man.

MY FAIRY COON

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Words and Music by Thos. Chilvers.

Oh, honey I am here, a-standing very near,
And patiently I'm lingering and a-waiting, waiting,
To see those dreamy eyes, I'd walk clear to the skies,
To tell you all the love that I've been thinking, thinking,
So sleep no more to-night, don't close your eyes so tight,
For I wants you love to listen to my wooing, wooing,
So come out here to me, and happy will we be,
Just like two turtle doves we'll be a-cooing.

CHORUS.

Cause you're my fairy coon, true as the stars above,
And waiting out in de light of the moon,
I sing this serenade, to you my lady love,
So listen to me my fairy coon.

The moon's pale silv'ry light with stars that twinkle bright,
All seem to say that you are only needed, needed,
To make this night, so fair, a dream beyond compare,
And bow'r of love with you a queen conceeded, ceeded,
So rouse thy drowsy eyes, the light of which I prize,
For the vision of you honey I am waiting, waiting,
To have you by my side, thro' woodlet pathes we'll glide,
Just like two nightingales we'll be a-waiting.

WHEN I GAZE INTO YOUR EYES

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Words and Music by Thos. H. Chilvers.

When I gaze into your eyes, my love,
And press your lips to mine so tenderly,
I wonder, when afar and in distant lands I roam,
If you'll remember and be true to me;
I cannot doubt you when I'm by your side,
The spell you cast upon me seems devine,
And like some rare old wine, it sets my blood aflame,
When I gaze into your eyes and press your lips to mine.

CHORUS.

When I gaze into your eyes, and press your lips to mine,
It seems just like a dream, and you're a fairy queen;
Will your love be always true, as true as mine for you?
When I gaze into your eyes and press your lips to mine,
Gaze into your eyes and press your lips to mine.

When I gaze into your eyes, my love,
And press your lips to mine so tenderly,
It needs but just a glance to bring me at your feet,
And prove to you my very constancy:
Your lips seem like the rosebuds just burst forth,
The handiwork of cupids fair design,
That lures me to my fate, a victim to his craft,
When I gaze into your eyes and press your lips to mine.

Dear Little Genevieve

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Words and Music by Harold Z. Frankensteen.

Where waters flow so peacefully, where shady nooks abound,
Where singing birds and perfumed flowers, and natures art is found,
In the heart of all this sunshine, so pretty to conceive,
Dwells the sweetest of the flowers, little Genevieve.

REFRAIN.

Dear little Genevieve, you I would never leave, tell me you do believe;
I'll love you, will you my heart relieve, for you know I would grieve,
If me you would deceive, dear little Genevieve.

No sunshine brighter than her smile, no stars her eyes outshine,
Her tender heart and modest ways, make her appear devine;
A lady to the manor born, she never would deceive,
Fairy queen of hauty mien is little Genevieve.

If I Only Had a Dollah of My Own

Copyright, 1900, by The Whitney Warner Pub. Co., Detroit, Mich.
Words and Music by Bogert & O'Brien.

I've been thinking of late of my most peculiar fate,
I haven't got a place to lay my head,
Most ev'rything am cheap, but money's hard to reap,
I couldn't buy a single loaf of bread.
I'm always forced to hide, it hurts my blue grass pride,
From morning until night I weep and moan,
I wouldn't feel so blue, and I'd know just what to do,
If I only had a dollah of my own.

CHORUS.

If I only had a dollah of my own, I wouldn't feel so gloomy while alone,
My mind would feel at a perfect ease, say what I like and act as I please,
I'd feel just like a king upon a throne;
I hope good fortune will some future day, frow a little money in my way,
I'd buy a gun, a butcher knife, protect it with my very life,
If I only had a dollah of my own.

This coon would surely eat every kind of tender meat
Like possom, rabbit and a turtle stew.
Of course I'd have mince pie, some quail on toast I'd buy,
Spring chicken, turkey, sweet potatoes too;
For breakfast have wheat cakes, I'd go to all clam bakes,
Just stuff myself until I'd fairly groan,
I might try some roast lamb, but I'd ignore common ham,
If I only had a dollah of my own.

CHORUS.

If I only had a dollah of my own, I'd never care for either house or home,
I'd feel as big as a millionaire, buy everything and go everywhere,
In every foreign land I'd surely roam,
I'd soon forget all troubles of the past, always happy while my money [lasts
I'd lead a life most fast and gay, I'd never sleep by night or day,
If I only had a dollah of my own.

I'd gamble all the while in a reg'lar gambling style,
They'd have to invent some new games for me,
I'd bust that game called craps and faro bank perhaps,
Den I would smash that game called policy,
I'd wear de loudest clothes, tan shoes and fancy hose,
Just to give my appearance sportin' tone,
I know I would go wild, I'd act foolish as a child,
If I only had a dollah of my own.

CHORUS.

If I only had a dollah of my own, I'd build a sailors' and a soldiers' home,
I'd spend my gold in a lavish way, give money to the poor every day,
My name would be the greatest ever known;
I'd surely have the latest horseless cab, everything a-layin' loose I'd grab,
Dis great suspense I can't endure, I know the shock will kill me sure,
If I only had a dollah of my own.

LINA LEE

Copyright, 1900, by The Whitney Warner Pub. Co., Detroit, Mich.
Written and Composed by Jas. O'Dea & Theo. H. Northrup.

Where tall palmettos cast their shade beneath a tropic sky,
Half hidden by the cane and corn where southern breezes sigh,
There stands the little home of one I long once more to see,
The sweetest flower that ever bloomed in all this world is she.
The last good-bye she bade me there, beneath the milky way,
Still lingers in my mind as tho' 'twere given yesterday,
Clear and bright ev'ry night in my dreams I gaze
Upon her dear sweet face the while I sing my lady's praise.

REFRAIN.

She is my Lina Lee throughout Dixie to the sea
There's none that's finer than lovely Lina;
No other maid I know can one half her beauty show,
She is my southern queen, my lovely, lovely Lina Lee.

She asked me when I started north to sometimes think of her,
And in my thinking plant, since then, that's all that does occur;
There's something always telling me her heart is ever true,
She is the subject of my ev'ry night and day dream too.
To sip these tender kisses that not even wine excels,
I'll soon be roamin' back again to where my Lina dwells,
Where the breeze through the trees sing so low and sweet,
It's there beside her in her smiles my life will be complete.

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ROARING JOKES FOR FUNNY FOLKS.

"A man stole a harness the other day and never left a trace."

Most things go to the buyer; but coal goes to the cellar.

"I wish I were secretary of the navy. I wouldn't be secretary, long."

"Every time I get on a ferry-boat it makes me cross.

"Don't run off with more than you can carry."

A man fell in a barrel of whiskey but died in good spirits.

"What beats a good wife?"
"A bad husband."

"You should think of the future."
"I can't. It's my wife's birthday and I'm thinkin' of the present."

"Do you belong to any secret society?"
"Yes. The gas company."

"I hear your brother died and left a lot of money?"
"Yes. A policeman shot him before he got out of the bank with it.

"Did you win anything at the cock-fight?"
"No. I lost on a fowl."

"A cross-eyed man was arrested for burglary. He was found to be straight, although he looked crooked."

"My girl's father is an undertaker. He has invented an automobile hearse. Folks are just dying to ride in it."

"Were you bashful the first time you called on a girl?"
"Yes, but her father helped me out."

A friend of mine saw a sign on a grocer's window which read: "Families Supplied," and he went in and asked for a wife and three children.

"I heard your kid bawling last night."
"Yes, and after five bawls he got his base warmed."

"I know a man who says he can't sit down and he can't stand up."
"Well, if he tells the truth, he lies."

A painter, who fell off a scaffold with a pot of paint in each hand said: "well, I came down with flying colors, anyhow."

"If you are in doubt about kissing a girl what do you do?"
"Give her the benifit of the doubt."

"I saw a pretty girl on the lawn with her stockings on wrong side out, so I turned the hose on her."

Whenever I see a woman with a Mother Hubbard on, I feel like giving her a belt.

"Speaking of playing poker, the other day I went down cellar and saw a cat and two mice. In half a minute everything was in the kitty."

"Where did you get that hair on your coat?"
"From the head of the bed."

"Do you think the elevator boy stole your watch?"
"Well, he swore up and down that he didn't."

Wanted—Man to make a balloon ascension. One who never took a drop before.

"Is undressed kid good material for slippers?"
"You bet."

"I was walking along Fourteenth street the other day and picked up a nickel. I went a block further and found a saloon."

"Are your folks well to do?"
"No. They're hard to do."

"I hear you keep a list of all the banks in the country."
"Yes. I like to be able to say I keep a bank account."

She—"Why don't you water your horse?"
He—"I don't have to. He's a bay."

"I saw a sign in a hardware store to-day: 'Cast iron sinks.' As though everyone wasn't wise to that."

Boy wanted to run elevator in high building. Must be a good story teller

"What became of that girl you made love to in the hammock?"
"We fell out."

"Did it take you long to learn to set a mouse-trap?"
"Not after I got my hand in."

"What were you carrying that shutter around for?"
"Just for a blind."

"I am married and I've got three children for certificates. And next July I'm going to celebrate the fourth."

"I would like to obtain the files of your paper for a week back."
"Why don't you try a porous plaster."

"My mother was born in Ireland, my father was born in San Francisco and I was born in New York."
"Funny how you all got together wasn't it?"

"Have you been eating oranges?"
"No. Why?"
"I see the skin all over your face."

"I heard you were held up the other night and robbed of a diamond ring. Why didn't you call a policeman?"
"I was afraid I'd lose my watch."

Ethel told Nan that she had a cat that could jump as high as Bunker Hill monument, and when Nan looked incredulous Ethel said: "Well, how high can Bunker Hill monument jump?"

"I suppose Barnum went to heaven when he died."
"Well, he certainly had a good chance. In fact he had the greatest show on earth."

"The Drummers Latest: Funniest Stories Ever Told." Price 25 cents. Address all orders direct to Wehman Bros., 126 Park Row, New York.

What does a fat woman do when she goes into a theatre on a hot summer night? Takes off her hat and pants.

The way my brother got out of jail was this: The govenor visited the jail one day and my brother accidently stepped on his foot. He said: "Pardon me, govenor," and the govenor did.

"My sister had a fright yesterday. She had a black spider run up her arm."
"That's nothing. I had a sewing maching run up the seam of my pants."

A little girl was taught to close her evening prayer during the absence of her papa with: "Please watch over my papa." Her papa returned and her mamma blushed when the child added: "And you'd better keep an eye on mamma, too."

A man went into a Jew clothing store and tried on a coat and vest. While the Jew turned his back to get the trousers, the man ran out of the store. A policeman came by and pulled his pistol. The Jew called out excitedly: "Shoot him in the pants. The coat and vest is mine."

A boy stood on the corner of Fourteenth street and Fourth avenue, industriously scratching his head, when a gentleman, who was passing, said to him: "Picking 'em out, sonny?" "No, sir," replied the boy, "I takes 'em just as I finds 'em."

"At a German picnic if one man gets excited and calls another a liar, the friends of the two get around, some one orders beer and the two men shake hands and join in a song. At an Irish picnic if one man calls another a liar, that's your cue to climb a tree. There's no glass of beer ever goin' to square that."

"Did you ever notice the differance between a German picnic and an Irish picnic? The Germans meet at the hall and march right out to the picnic. Do the Irish do that? Not on your life! They've got to march around town about three hours. Every man in the procession wants to pass his own house.

"I saw a man yesterday with a "deaf and dumb" sign on. So I gave him a nickle. He said: "Thank you." I said, I thought you were deaf and dumb. "Oh," he said, "I'm only minding this place till the other fellow comes back." Well, where is the other fellow, I asked. "Oh, he's over in the beer garden listening to the music."

A lady was walking along Market street, in San Francisco, nolding a little girl by the hand, who showed all the symptoms of having a flea on her somewhere. A newsboy rushed up and exclaimed "Examiner! Examiner!" "I'll wait till I get home, I guess," said the lady, reflectively.

At the last town meeting some one wanted an appropriation of $10,000 made to build a new school-house. I says: "No. We'll take the bricks from tho old school-house and we'll build the new school-house with them. And we'll leave the old school-house stand 'till the new one is finished.

A man arrested for murder bribed an Irishman on the jury with a hundred dollars to hang out for a verdict of manslaughter. The jury were out a long time and finally came in with a verdict of manslaughter. The man rushed up to the Irish juror and said: "I'm obliged to you my friend. Did you have a hard time?" "Yes," said the Irishman. "A h—ll of a time. The other eleven wanted to acquit you."

Casey and Riley agreed to settle their dispute by a fight, and it was understood that whoever wanted to quit should say, "enough." Casey got Riley down and was hammering him unmercifully, when Riley called out several times, "enough!" As Casey paid no attention, but kept on administrating punishment, a bystander said: "Why don't you let him up? Don't you hear him say that he's got enough?" "I do," says Casey, "but he's such a liar, you can't believe him."

There is a well known saloon in Brooklyn which has three entrances. Casey enters and the bartender refuses to serve him because he is intoxicated. After an argument Casey leaves the saloon and soon discovers the second entrance. He goes in and looks at the bartender with considerable surprise and again calls for a drink and is again refused. He leaves, but soon comes back through the third entrance. He walks up to the bar unsteadily, and looking the bartender in the face says disgustedly: "Say! do you own all the saloons in town?"

I went into a bakery the other day and ordered 200 cream puffs. The baker said he would have them for me in about an hour. Then I went across the street to a clothing store and selected a suit of clothes—price $50. I asked the man if he would trust me for the suit and he refused. I said: "Do you know the baker across the street?" He said: "Yes." I said: "Will you let me have the suit if he stands good for it?" He said: "Yes." Well, the baker was standing in front of his store and I called out across the street: "How about them 200 you promised me?" He said: "In about half an hour." I pointed to the clothing store man and said, "give him 50." He nodded and the clothing store man said: "Come inside and I'll have the suit wrapped up for you.

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CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kiss'd the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
He with step so slow and weakened, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with sad bowed head, and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With it's walls so dark and gloomy—walls so dark and damp and cold—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows, like a deadly poisened dart—
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy shadowed [tower,
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful [brow,
And within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn vow;
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood MUST DIE."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright,
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew MUST NOT ring to-night!"

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying: "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her [brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below;
There, twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;
And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell),
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell;
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white, [night
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—"Curfew shall not ring to-

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night had done
Should be told in long years after—as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white
Tell their children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glows with sudden beauty now;
At his foot she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn;
And her sweet you face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with misty light;
"Go, your lover lives!" cried Cromwell; Curfew shall not ring to-night.

THE BOOTBLACK.

Here y'are——? Black your boots, boss, do it for jest five cents,
Shine 'em up in a minute—that is 'f nothin' prevents.

Set your foot right on there, sir; the mornin's kinder cold—
Sorter rough on a feller when his coat's a-gettin' old.

Well, yes—call it coat, sir, though 'tain't much more'n a tear;
Can't get myself another—ain't got the stamps to spare.

Make as much as most on 'em? That's so; but then, yer see,
They've only got one to do for; there's two on us, Jack and me.

Him? Why—that little feller with the double-up-sorter back,
Sittin' there on the gratin' sunnin' hisself—that's Jack.

Used to be 'round sellin' papers, the cars there was his lay,
But he got shoved off the platform, under the wheels, one day.

Yes, the conductor did it—gave him a regular throw—
He didn't care if he killed him; some on 'em is just so.

He's never been all right since, sir, sorter quiet and queer—
Him and me go together, he's what they call cashier.

Trouble? I guess not much, sir; sometimes when biz gets slack
I don't know how I'd stand it if 'twasn't for little Jack.

Why, boss, you ought to hear him; he says we needn't care
How rough luck is down here, sir, if some day we get up there.

All done now—how's that, sir? Shine like a pair of lamps.
Mornin'!—give it to Jack, sir, he looks after the stamps.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

"Chaplain, I am dying, dying; cut a lock from off my hair,
For my darling mother, chaplain, after I am dead, to wear;
Mind you, 'tis for mother, chaplain, she whose early teachings now
Soothe and comfort the poor soldier with the death dew on his brow.

"Kneel down, now, beside me, chaplain, and return my thanks to Him
Who so good a mother gave me; oh, my eyes are growing dim;
Tell her, chaplain, should you see her, all at last with me was well;
Through the valley of the shadow I have gone, with Christ to dwell.

"Do not weep, I pray you, chaplain; yes, ah! weep for mother dear;
I'm the only living son, sir, of a widow'd mourner here;
Mother! I am going, going to the land where angels dwell;
I commend you unto Jesus: mother darling—fare you well."

Downward from their thrones of beauty look'd the stars upon his face;
Upward on the wings of duty sped the angel of God's grace,
Bearing through the heavenly portal, to his blessed home above.
The dead soldier's soul immortal, to partake of Christ's sweet love.

Far away, in humble cottage, sits his mother, sad and lone;
And her eyes are red with weeping, thinking of her absent son,
Suddenly Death's pallid presence cast a shadow o'er her brow;
Smiling a sweet smile of welcome, she is with her loved ones now.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

By Coates.

Dark is the night! how dark! no light! no fire!
Cold on the hearth the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering she watches by the cradle side
For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!
"Hark! 'tis his footstep! No—'tis past; 'tis gone;
Tick!—tick! How wearily the time crawls on,
Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind,
And I believed 'twould last—how mad! how blind!
Rest thee, my babe—rest on! 'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep, for there is no food, the fount is dry.
Famine and cold their wearying work have done;
My heart must break! And thou!"—The clock strikes one.
"Hush! 'tis the dice-box. Yes, he's there, he's there!
For this, for this, he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love, leaves truth, his wife, his child—for what?
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!
Yet I'll not curse him; no, 'tis all in vain.
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again;
And I could starve and bless him, but for you,
My child—his child—oh, fiend!"—The clock strikes two.
"Hark! how the sign-board creaks, the blast howls by!
Moan—moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock—he comes—he comes once more—
'Tis but the lattice flaps. Thy hope is o'er.
Can he desert me thus? He knows I stay
Night after night in loneliness to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear.
No, no! it cannot be. He will be here.
Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart;
Thou'rt cold—thou'rt freezing; but we will not part.
Husband, I die! Father, it is not he!
Oh, Heaven, protect my child!"—The clock strikes three.
They're gone! they're gone! The glimmering spark hath fled,
The wife and child are number'd with the dead!
On the cold hearth, out-stretched in solemn rest,
The child lies frozen on its mother's breast!
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dead silence reigned around—he groaned—he spoke no more.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

By Alfred Tennyson.

Half a league, half a league, half a league onward,
All in the valley of death, rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!" "Charge for the guns!" he said,
Into the valley of death rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!" was there a man dismayed?
Not tho' the soldiers knew some one had blundered;
Theirs not to make reply, theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and [die.
In the valley of death rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell, boldly they rode and well, into the jaws [of death,
Into the mouth of hell rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare, flash'd as they turn'd in air, sabring the
Charging an army, while all the world wonder'd; [gunners there,
Plunged in the battery-smoke, right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian reel'd from the sabre-stroke, shatter'd and sunder'd,
Then they rode back—but not, not the six hundred.

Cannon to the right of them, cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them volley'd and thunder'd; [had fought so well,
Storm'd at with shot and shell, while horses and hero fell, they that
Came thro' the jaws of death, back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them, left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade? oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made, honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

THE COLLIER'S DYING CHILD.

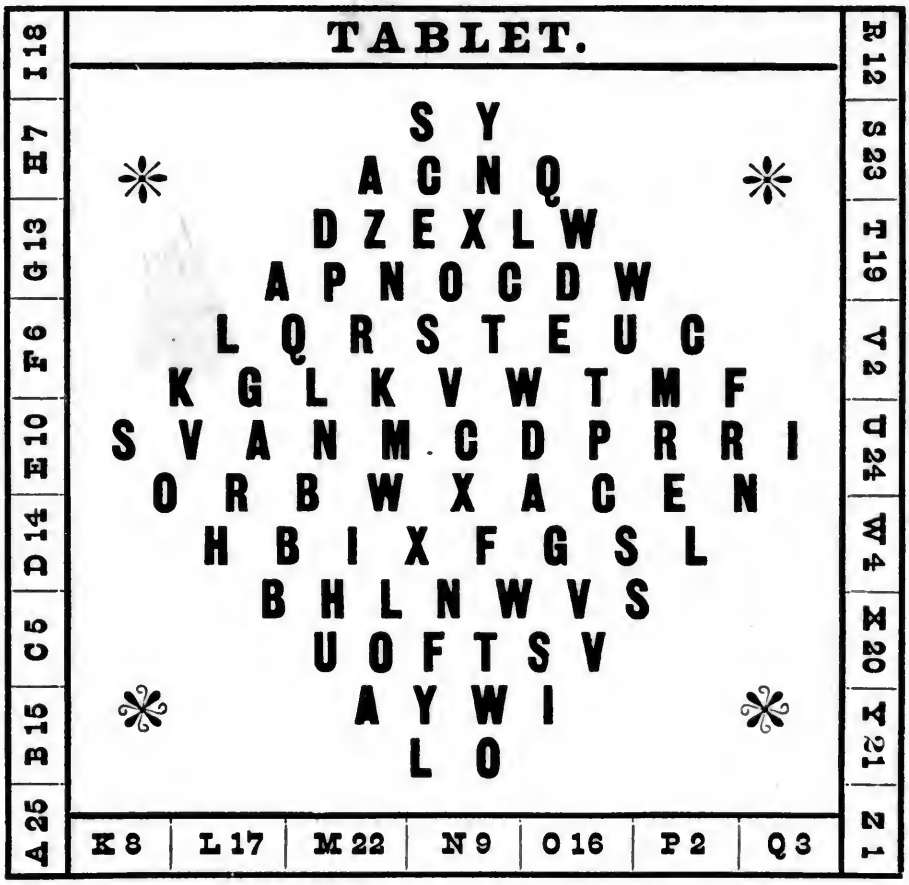
By Farmer.

The cottage was a thatched one, its outside old and mean;
Yet everything within that cot was wondrous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy—the wind was blowing wild—
A patient mother sat beside the deathbed of her child—
A little, worn-out creature—his once bright eyes grown dim;
It was a Collier's child—they called him "Little Jim."
And oh! to see the briny tears fast flowing down her cheek,
As she offered up a prayer in thought—she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far dearer than her life;
For she had all a mother's heart, that wretched collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that God shall spare her boy, and take herself instead;
She gets her answer from her child—soft falls these words from him:
"Mother! the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim!
I have no pain, dear mother, now; but oh! I am so dry;
Just moisten poor Jim's lips once more; and, mother, do not cry!"
With gentle, trembling haste, she held a tea-cup to his lips—
He smiled to thank her—then he took three little tiny sips.
"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said 'good-night!' to him;
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." . . . . Alas! poor Little Jim!
She saw that he was dying! the child she loved so dear,
Had utter'd the last words she'd ever wish to hear.
The cottage door is opened—the Collier's step is heard;
The father and the mother meet, but neither speak a word;
He felt that all was over—he knew the child was dead!
He took the candle in his hand, and stood beside the bed;
His quivering lip gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal;
And see, the mother joins him!—the striken couple kneel;
With hearts bowed down by sorrow, they humbly ask, of Him
In heaven, once more that they may meet their own poor "Little Jim."

FORTUNE-TELLING TABLET.

AS USED BY THE EGYPTIAN ASTROLOGERS.

The person whose fortune is to be told, is to place the finger with his eyes shut, on any of the letters below; then to refer to the corresponding letter, running along the inside of the border, and has reference to the Oracle below, which will determine the fortune of the enquirer.



EXPLANATION OF TABLET.

1. If this number is fixed upon by a man, it assures him, if single, a homely wife, but rich; if married, an increase of riches, numerous children, and good old age. To a lady, the faithfulness of her lover, and a speedy marriage.

3. Very good fortune, sudden prosperity, great respect from high personages, and a letter bringing important news.

7. This number, to a woman, is wonderful in showing, if single, a handsome, rich and constant husband; and if married, a faithful partner, and who will be of good family, as she must know she has married above her condition. To a man much the same.

8. This is a general good sign, and your present expectations will be fulfilled, and you have some on the anvil.

9. If a married man or woman draws this, if under fifty, let them not despair of a family. To the single, sudden marriage.

10. A friend has crossed the sea, but will bring home some riches, by which the parties are benefitted.

12. An uncommon number, belonging to scriptural signs, and the party will have success in all his undertakings.

15. No doubt but the chooser is very poor, and thought insignificant; but let his friends assist him or her, as he is much favored.

16. A very sudden journey with a pleasant fellow-traveller; and the result of the journey will be generally beneficial to your family.

18. A sudden acquaintance with the opposite sex which will be opposed; but the party should persevere, as it will be to his or her advantage.

21. A letter of importance will arrive, announcing the death of a relative for whom you have no very great respect, but who has left you a legacy.

22. Be very prudent in your conduct, as this number is very precarious, and much depends on yourself; it is good.

23. A very accomplished woman will be the wife of the man who chooses this number.

24. Let the chooser of this number persevere; all of his or her schemes are good, and must succeed.

BAD FORTUNE.

2. Shows the loss of a friend; bad success at law.

4. A letter announcing the loss of money.

5. The man who draws this number, let him examine his moles, and he will find more about him than he imagines.

6. Very bad success; you may expect generally not to succeed in your undertaking.

11. I should rather suspect the fidelity of your husband or wife, if married; if single, you are shockingly deceived.

13. You want to borrow money, and you hope you will have it, but you will be deceived.

14. The old man you depend upon is going to be married, and his wife will have a child.

17. You mix with this company, and pretend to despise our tablet, but you rely much on it, and may depend on being brought to disgrace.

19. Look well to those who owe you money, if ever so little. A letter of abuse may be expected.

20. A drunken partner, and bad success in trade; the party will never be very poor, but always happy.

25. Those who choose this unlucky number, let them look well to their conduct; justice, though slow, is sure to overtake the wicked.

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PARODIES.

Ain't Dat a Shame?

Parody—by Harry J. Breen.

I bought a nice big sofa, put it in my front room,
But I caught my salesman and my wife making love on it quite soon.
I felt quite blue, I am a hard luck Jew, whenever I'd go out to my great
They'd sit upon the sofa and start to make goo goo eyes. [surprise
I felt bad of course, I don't want a divorce,
I don't want to lose my salesman for he makes me lots of dough,
But if things keep on the way they are, out of my head I'll go.
I must stop quick for it makes me sick.

CHORUS.

Ain't dat a shame, a regular shame,
But I'll fix that fellow and his little game,
(I won't have a bit of pity).
I'll fix that loafer, I'll sell the sofa,
That's all I can do with him, ain't that a shame.

Oh! Mister Dingy

Parody—by Ed. Daly.

My father and I we had such a fight,
Just a week ago to-day, it was a sight,
He said, my son Ikey, why are you so sad,
Father how can I feel glad.
Now Ikey don't you cry, go and wipe your eye,
Everywhere I go I'm a holy show,
When I walk along the street, some friends I happen to meet,
They say I am a disgrace to my own race.

CHORUS.

Oh! what a face, such a disgrace,
To have you Ikey, in the Hebrew race,
I'm not to blame, I really feel ashame,
Because my father gave me such a face.

Mr. Cohen and his son opened a clothing store,
It was right along the line in the bay,
He kept clothing that had been worn before;
He told his son Ikey about a sale the other day,
What do you think of that nigger a-came in here,
I gave him a pair of pants instead of a coat,
The next day he came back, and said don't fear,
Then Cohen heard that nigger say so loud:

CHORUS.

Give me my money, don't think yourself so funny,
By giving me a coat instead of a pair of pants.
Cohen he did say, now nigger you better go away,
Or Ikey, my son Ikey, will put you out.

MAMIE

Parody—by Harry J. Breen.

Mamie when a baby put ten cents in her mouth,
Mamie swallowed it, she's ten in and ten out;
She ran for a doctor, for the doctor quick,
She ran for a doctor, for she was feeling sick,
The doctor said I'll treat you, Mamie said, oh, dear,
If you care to treat me, I'll take a pint of beer.
He worked with her an hour, done all that he could do,
She only swallowed ten cents but he made her cough up two.

CHORUS.

Oh! oh! oh! oh! Mamie, isn't it a shame,
Has your mother any more at home like you?
Really you're a wonder, very fond of plunder,
Full of laughter, but a grafter, Mamie.

Mamie's mother took her down upon a farm,
Mamie's mother said 'twould keep her out of harm,
One day it was raining. Mamie, oh, bosh,
I must go out in the rain, I'll wear my mackintosh.
When the rain was over, she hung it on a fence,
But a bad cow came along now trouble did commence.
She started in to eat the coat, she thought that it was silk,
Mamie said, oh, mother, now we'll have water-proof milk.

COON, COON, COON

Parody—by Ed. Daly.

I thought I had a patent for bleaching ladies hair,
I invested all my money, and I says I wouldn't care,
A little box of matches and a bottle of karecene,
I charged for that a quarter, and I thought it was a great skeme,
It was a simple way to use it, my directions was a fake.
One girl she burnt her hair off, but I said she made a mistake;
A bunch one day near lynched me, they said they'd break my bones,
When friends will ask how they got bald, they'll say through Cohen.

CHORUS.

Cohen, Cohen, Cohen, I wish that sucker would croak,
Cohen, Cohen, Cohen. that was a yiddisher joke,
Cohen, Cohen, Cohen, all day and night I moan,
And now I wear a false wig account of that Cohen, Cohen, Cohen.

Next week I got a summons to come and see the judge,
For that I felt so shaky, but I wouldn't make a budge,
The clerk soon called my name up, Cohen before the bar,
He says now you're de mug that ruined these people like they are.
He says that I'm a swindler, and things like that ain't fair,
I answered back, karecene on a head, lit, makes light hair,
He says dots right, I discharge Cohen; then I had them bughoused for
And they got their monkeys up and said the judge ain't fair. [fair,

GO WAY BACK AND SIT DOWN

Parody—by Harry J. Breen.

Old Abe Cohn runs and owns a liquor store on Christie Street;
There's a guy hangs round his name was Michael Brown, he's always looking for a treat;
Now Abe knew that no coin he blew when he came into the store,
So he wrote out a sign, it read this store ain't mine, and he hung it on the door.
About six o'clock there came a knock, and Michael Brown came in,
He was drunk of course, and he asked for the boss, he wanted to get some gin. [store,
But Abe, he cried, the boss ain't here, beside I don't know who owns the
Mike says if that's true it don't belong to you, and then began to roar:

CHORUS.

Go way back and sit down,
I'll take charge when the boss ain't around,
Abe then said I own the whole store,
Michael just showed him the sign on the door,
And said go way back and sit down.

ANNIE MOORE

Parody—by Harry J. Breen.

I went to Brighton Beach in a big trolley car,
And, oh, what a bunch I met there;
I stood round for a while with a suit in my hands,
For a bathing house looked everywhere.
Then I knocked at a door I had not knocked at before,
When a fat lady yelled "go away,"
She gave the door a pull and said, "this house is full,"
And then in a sweet voice to her I did say:

CHORUS.

Annie Moore, oh, Annie Moore,
Please tell me won't you let in any more?
She said, I can, but not a man,
There's five now and I can't let in any more.

Good-Bye Dolly Gray

Parody—by Harry J. Breen.

I once courted an old girl named Dolly Gray,
A grass widow twice now she's a bale of hay;
When married she took off her hair,
Put her false teeth on a chair.
Then her cork leg she threw there, did Dolly Gray,
Oh, I said, there's something missing, Dolly Gray,
You are here with me but still you are away,
It is very plain to see that you have been false to me,
And I think it's time to flee, Dolly Gray.

CHORUS.

Good-bye Dolly I must leave you, though it breaks my heart to go,
Something tells me it will grieve you because I love you so;
'Twas all right when you took out your teeth and your hair you threw
But that cork leg was the finish, good-bye Dolly Gray. [away,

One day my darlin' wife she came to me,
She said I am dead broke it is plain to see,
And the rent is due to day, I said can't we move away,
We have got no dough to pay, Dolly Gray.
Then I thought of her cork leg and to her quickly said,
Can't we sell the cork and stay awhile instead;
I thought it was quite a trick
She would have no chance to kick,
But she proved to be too slick did Dolly Gray.

CHORUS.

Good-bye Dolly I must leave you, though it breaks my heart to go,
Something tells me I am needed in the boarding house below;
You can get a job in Dennet's when I go away,
With your cork leg mash potatoes, good-bye Dolly Gray.

BEN BOLT

Parody—by Barney Horan.

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with hair so red;
Who would smile with delight if you told her a joke,
And for fun she would stand on her head;
In the old coal yard in the alley Ben Bolt,
In a corner she stood all alone,
With a smile on her face and a tear in her eye,
Now sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Do you remember the day when she first went to school,
Along with her big brother Mike,
And the teacher says, "Alice, now you take your seat,"
And she say, "I'll take your watch before night."
Oh, she then put her feet on the top of the desk,
For she wore very large two's,
And the teacher says, "Alice, where you got your feet?"
And she answered, "Please, ma'am in my shoes."

Do you remember the farm in the country, Ben Bolt,
Where sweet Alice had seen better days;
And she rode about town on her pneumatic wheel,
And she frightened most all of the jays.
She used to keep hens and she used to keep ducks,
Well she fed all her hens on cracked ice,
But when she sold the eggs at ten cents a dozen,
The hens would not lay for that price.

PARLOR PASTIMES.

EVENING AMUSEMENT.

LADIES' COLUMN.

Request a gentleman to write down the following list:—

Set down a lady's name.
Set down some time past.
Write the name of a place.
Write either: yes or no.
Yes or no, again.
A lady's name.
Some time to come.
Yes or no.
Yes or no, again.
Some color.
Some number, between 4 and 10.
Some color.
Yes or no.
Some number, between 15 and 100
A lady's name.
A gentleman's name.
Name of a clergyman.
A sum of money.
Name of a place.
Any number at all.

Then request the gentleman to read off the list he has written in answer to the following questions:

Who did you first offer to marry?
When?
In what place?
Does she love you?
Did you love her?
Whom will you marry?
How soon?
Does she love you?
Do you love her?
What is the color of her hair?
What is her height?
What is the color of her eyes?
Is she pretty?
What is her age?
Who is to be bridesmaid?
Who is to be groomsman?
What clergyman is to marry you?
How much is she worth?
Where will you reside?
How many servants will you keep

GENTLEMEN'S COLUMN.

Request a lady to write down the following list:—

Set down a gentleman's name.
Set down some time past.
Write the name of a place.
Write either: yes or no.
Yes or no again.
A gentleman's name.
Some time to come.
Yes or no.
Yes or no again.
Some color.
Some number, between 4 and 10.
Some color.
Yes or no.
Some number, between 15 and 100
A lady's name.
A gentleman's name.
Name of a clergyman.
A sum of money.
Name of a place.
Any number at all.

Then request the lady to read off the list she has written, in answer to the following questions:—

Who first made you an offer?
When?
In what place?
Does he love you?
Did you love him?
Whom will you marry?
How soon?
Does he love you?
Do you love him?
What is the color of his hair?
What is his height?
What is the color of his eyes?
Is he handsome?
What is his age?
Who is to be bridesmaid?
Who is to be groomsman?
What clergyman is to marry you?
How much is he worth?
Where will you reside?
How many servants will you keep

GO, IF YOU CAN.

You tell a person that you will clasp his hands together in such a manner that he shall not be able to leave the room without unclasping them, although you will not confine his feet, or bind his body, or in any way oppose his exit.

This trick is performed by clasping the party's hands around the pillar of a large circular table, or other bulky article of furniture, too large for him to drag through the doorway.

To Tell the Numbers on a Pair of Dice.

This is done by a simple arithmetical process.

Ask some one to throw the dice without your seeing them, then tell him to choose one of the numbers and multiply it by two, add five and multiply this number by five and add the number on the remaining die.

On his telling you the result you subtract mentally twenty-five from the number he has obtained and the remainder will be two figures representing the two numbers on the dice.

Suppose the numbers thrown to be six, three. Six multiplied by two would be twelve—with five added make seventeen, multiplied by five is eighty-five, with three added make eighty-eight; from this take twenty-five and it gives as a result sixty-three—six, three, being the numbers thrown. This can be worked with the same result if the person throwing the die multiplies the three instead of the six, the result in that case being thirty-six instead of sixty-three.

A Person Having an Even Number of Coin in One Hand, and an Odd Number in the Other, to Tell in Which Hand the Odd or Even Number Is.

You desire the person to multiply the number in his right hand by an odd figure, and the number in his left by an even one; and tell you if the products, added together, be odd or even. If even, the even number is in the right hand; if odd, the even number is in the left. For instance:

1. Number in the right hand is even	18	2. Number in the right hand is odd	7
Multiplied by	3	Multiplied by	3
Product	54	Product	21
In the left hand odd	7	In the left hand even	18
Multiplied by	2	Multiplied by	2
Product	14	Product	36
Product of both hands	68	Product of both hands	57

For any Books, Novelties or Sheet Music, that you may see advertised in any Song Book or Catalogue, send direct to Wehman Bros., 126 Park Row, New York. Catalogues sent free on application.

Magic Age Table.

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

KEY TO TABLE.—Add together the figures at the top of each column in which the age is found, and the sum will be the age sought. EXAMPLE—Hand the table to a lady and request her to tell you in which column or columns her age is found; if she says the first, second and fifth, you can say it is 19 by mentally adding together the first figures of those three columns, and so on for any age up to 63.

To Find a Remainder.

The key to this is that half of whatever sum you request to be added during the working of the sum is the remainder. In the example given 5 is the half of ten, the number requested to be added. Any amount may be added, but the operation is siplified by giving only even numbers, as they will divide without fractions.

EXAMPLE.

Think of	7
Double it	14
Add 10 to it	10
Half it	2) 24
Which will leave	12
Subtract the number thought of	7
The remainder will be	5

FORTY-FIVE.

How can forty-five be divided into four such parts that, if to the first part you add 2, from the second part you subtract 2, the third part you multiply by 2, and the fourth part you divide by 2, the sum of the addition, the remainder of the subtraction, the product of the multiplication, and the quotient of the division be all equal?

The 1st is 8; to which add 2—10
The 2nd is 12; subtract 2—10
The 3rd is 5; multiplied by 2—10
The 4th is 20; dividid by 2—10

Subtract 45 from 45 and leave 45 as a remainder.

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 = 45
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 = 45

8 6 4 1 9 7 5 3 2 = 45

ADVANTAGEOUS WAGER.

Request a lady to lend you a watch. Examine it, and give a guess as to its value; then offer to lay the owner a wager, considerably below the real value of the watch, that she will not answer to three questions which you will put to her consecutively: "My watch." Show her the watch and say: "What is this which I hold in my hand?" she, of course, will not fail to reply: "My watch." Next present to her notice some other object, repeating the same question. If she name the object you present, she loses the wager; but if she be on her guard, and remembering her stake, she says: "My watch," she must, of course, win; and you, therefore, to divert her attention, should observe to her: "You are certain to win the stake, but supposing I lose, what will you give me?" and if, confident of success, she replies for the third time: "My watch," then take it, and leave her the wager agreed on.

THE MAGIC SQUARES.

Lay seventeen pieces of wood (lucifer matches will answer the purpose) as in Fig 1.

The puzzle you propose is—to remove only five matches and yet have no more than three perfect squares of the same size remaining. This apparent impossibility is rendered easy by removing the two upper corners on each side and the center line below, when the three squares will appear as in Fig 2.

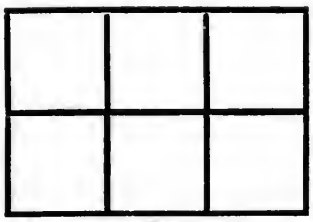

Fig 1.

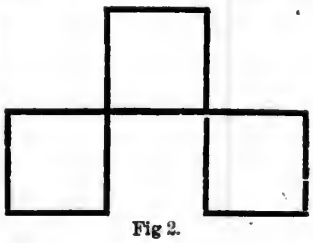

Fig 2.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

Side by side place three pieces of anything, (money is the most convenient,) then take away the middle piece without touching it.

By removing the right hand piece to the side of the left, you thus take away the center without touching it.

DOUBLE MEANING.

Place a glass of any liquor upon the table, put a hat over it, and say: "I will engage to drink the liquor under that hat, and yet I'll not touch the hat." You then get under the table, and after giving three knocks, you make a noise with your mouth as if you were swallowing the liquor. Then getting from under the table, you say: "Now, gentlemen, be pleased to look." Some one, eager to see if you drank the liquor, will raise the hat, when you instantly take the glass, and drink the contents, saying: "Gentlemen, I have fulfilled my promise, you are all witnesses that I did not touch the hat."

The Harp that Once thro' Tara's Hall

The harp that once thro' Tara's halls the soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls, as if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days, so glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright the harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night, its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now but seldom wakes; the only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks, to show that still she lives.

Meet Me by Moonlight Alone

Meet me by moonlight alone, and then I will tell you a tale
Must be told by the moonlight alone, in the grove at the end of the vale.
You must promise to come, for I said I would show the night-flowers
their queen—
Nay, turn not away thy sweet head, 'tis the loveliest ever was seen.
Oh! meet me by moonlight alone, meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight may do for the gay, the thoughtless, the heartless, the free;
But there's something about the moon's ray, that is sweeter to you and
to me.
Oh! remember be sure to be there, for though dearly a moonlight I prize,
I care not for all in the air, if I want the sweet light of your eyes.
So meet me by moonlight alone, meet me by moonlight alone.

I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls, with vassals and serfs by my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls
That I was the hope and the pride.
I had riches too great to count—could boast of a high ancestral name;
And I also dreamt, which charmed me most,
That you loved me still the same;
That you loved me still the same, that you loved me still the same.

I dreamt that suitors besought my hand; that knights, on bended knee,
And with vows no maiden heart could withstand,
They pledged their faith to me.
And I dreamt that one of that noble host came forth my hand to claim;
And I also dreamt, which charmed me most,
That you loved me still the same;
That you loved me still the same, that you loved me still the same.

ELLA RHEE

Oh! Ella Rhee, so kind and true, in the little churchyard lies—
Her grave is bright with drops of dew, but brighter were her eyes—
Then carry me back to Tennessee, there let me live and die,
Among the fields of yellow corn, and the land where Ella lie.

CHORUS.

Then carry me back to Tennessee, there let me live and die,
Among the fields of yellow corn, and the land where Ella lie.

Her pretty eyes and gentle form, methinks I yet can see;
I love the spot where she was born, 'way down in Tennessee,
Then carry me back to Tennessee, there let me live and die,
Among the fields of yellow corn, and the land where Ella lie.

The Summer sun will rise and set, and the night-birds thrill their lay,
And the possum and coon so softly step round the grave of Ella Rhee.
Then carry me back to Tennessee, there let me live and die,
Among the fields of yellow corn, and the land where Ella lie.

THE GIPSY'S WARNING

Trust him not, O gentle lady, though his voice be low and sweet—
Heed not him who kneels before thee, softly pleading at thy feet;
Now thy life is in its morning: cloud not this thy happy lot,
Listen to the gipsy's warning—gentle lady, trust him not.

Lady, once there lived a maiden, young and pure, and like the fair;
Yet he wooed, he wooed and won her, thrilled her gentle heart with care,
Then—he heeded not her weeping—he cared not her life to save!
Soon she perished—now she's sleeping in the cold and silent grave!

Lady, turn not from me so coldly, for I have only the truth—
From a stern and withering sorrow, lady, I would shield thy youth;
I would shield thee from all danger, shield thee from the tempter's snare;
Lady, shun the dark-eyed stranger—I have warned thee, now, beware!

Take your gold—I do not want it; lady, I have prayed for this—
For the hour that I might foil him, and rob him of expected bliss.
Aye, I see thou art filled with wonder, at my looks so fierce and wild—
Lady, in the church-yard yonder, sleeps the gipsy's only child.

MARY OF THE WILD MOOR

It was on one cold Winter's night, as the wind blew across the wild moor,
When Mary came wandering home with her babe,
Till she came to her own father's door;
"Oh, father! dear father! she cried, "come down and open the door,
Or the child in my arms will perish and die,
By the wind that blows across the wild moor."

"Oh, why did I leave this dear spot, where once I was happy and free?
But now doomed to roam, without friends or home,
And no one to take pity on me!"
The old man was deaf to her cries, not a sound of her voice reached his ear,
But the watch dog did howl! and the village bell toll'd,
And the wind blew across the wild moor.

But how must the old man have felt when he came to the door in the [morn!
Poor Mary was dead, but the child was alive,
Closely pressed in its dead mother's arms. [did pour,
Half frantic he tore his gray hair, and the tears down his cheeks they
Saying, "This cold Winter's night, she perished and died
By the wind that blew across the wild moor."

The old man in grief pined away, and the child to its mother went soon,
And no one, they say, has lived there to this day,
And the cottage to ruin has gone.
The villagers point out the spot where the willows droop over the door,
Saying, "There Mary died, once a gay village bride,
By the wind that blew across the wild moor."

YOU'LL REMEMBER ME

When other lips and other hearts their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts the power they feel so well,
There may, perhaps, in such a scene, some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been, and you'll remember me—
And you'll remember, you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight the beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light which beams within your eyes;
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask 'twill break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask that you'll remember me—
That you'll remember, you'll remember me.

HEART BOWED DOWN

The heart bowed down by weight of woe, to weakest hopes will cling;
To thought and impulse while they flow, that can no comfort bring.
That can, that can no comfort bring.
With those exciting scenes will blend, o'er pleasure's pathway thrown,
But memory is the only friend that grief can call its own;
That grief can call its own, that grief can call its own.

The mind will, in its worst despair, still ponder o'er the past,
On moments of delight that were too beautiful to last;
That were too beautiful, too beautiful to last.
To long departed years extend, its visions with them flown,
For memory is the only friend that grief can call its own:
That grief can call its own, that grief can call its own.

KITTY WELLS

You ask what makes this darkey weep, why he like others am not gay;
What makes the tear flow down his cheek, from early morn till close of [day
My story, darkies, you shall hear, for in my memory fresh it dwells,
'Twill cause you all to drop a tear on the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.

CHORUS.

While the birds were singing in the morning,
And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,
And the sun on the hill was a-dawning,
It was then we laid her in the tomb.

I never shall forget the day that we together roamed the dells,
I kissed her cheek and named the day that I should marry Kitty Wells;
But death came in my cabin door, and took from me my joy and pride;
And when I found she was no more, then I laid my banjo down and cried.

I often wish that I was dead and laid beside her in the tomb;
The sorrow that bows down my head is silent in the midnight gloom;
The Spring-time has no charms for me, tho' flowers are blooming in the
dells,
For that bright form I do not see, 'tis the form of my sweet Kitty Wells.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Of all the girls that are so smart, there's none I love but Sally;
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.
There's not a lady in the land that's half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

Her father makes cabbage nets, and thro' the streets doth cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long to such as please to buy 'em.
But sure such folks could never own so sweet a girl as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work, I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk, and bangs me most severely.
But let him bang his belly full, I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between Saturday and Monday.
For then I'm drest all in my best, to walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church, and often I get blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch as soon as the text is named.
I leave the church in sermon time, to walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again, oh! then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box and all, and give it to my honey.
And would it were ten thousand dollars, I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all, make game of me and Sally;
And but for her I'd rather be a slave, and row a galley.
But when my seven long years are out, oh! then I'll marry Sally;
Oh! then we'll wed, and then we'd bed, but not in our alley.

I HAD BUT FIFTY CENTS

I took my girl to a fancy ball—it was a social hop,
But we stayed until the folks went out, and the music it did stop;
Then to a restaurant we went—the best one in the street;
She said she wasn't hungry, but this is what she eat:
A dozen raw, a plate of slaw, a chicken and a roast;
Some sparrow grass and apple sass, and soft-shell crabs on toast;
A big box-stew, and crackers, too, her appetite was immense.
When she called for pie, I thought I'd die, for I had but fifty cents.

She said she wasn't hungry—she didn't care to eat;
Now I've got money in my clothes to bet she can't be beat;
She took it in so cosy, she had an awful tank,
She said she wasn't thirsty, but this is what she drank:
A whiskey skin, a glass of gin—it made me shake with fear;
Some ginger pop, with rum on top, a schooner, then, of beer;
A glass of ale, a gin cock-tail, she ought to have had more sense.
When she called for more, I fell on the floor, for I had but fifty cents.

You bet I wasn't hungry—I didn't care to eat,
Expecting every moment to be kicked out in the street;
She said she'd bring her family round some day, and we'd have fun,
Then I gave the man the fifty cents, and this is what he done:
He tore my clothes, he mashed my nose, he hit me in the jaw;
He gave me a prize of a pair of black eyes, and with me swept the floor;
He took me where my clothes hung loose, and threw me over a fence.
Take my advice, don't try it twice, when you've got but fifty cents.

TOM YOU HAVE DONE ME A FAVOR

MOCK BALLAD.

Copyright, 1898, by Howley, Haviland & Co. English Copyright secured.

Words and Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

A cozy little parlor, a maiden young and fair,
Harry and Tom, two loving pals, each night you'd find them there.
They both loved her dearly, and said that her love they would test;
She blushed as she glanced up at Harry, when he asked her which she loved best.
Poor Tom read her answer and murmured, "Old pal, I am going away,
I give her up, and I wish you much joy," then Harry did answer and say:

REFRAIN.

"Tom, you have done me a favor, a favor I'll never forget;
I know that you love her dearly, too sad that you ever met.
We have been friends, Tom, since childhood, this action you'll never regret,
Tom, you have done me a favor, a favor I'll never forget."

A cozy little homestead, a couple sitting there;
Harry and May, now man and wife, a most unhappy pair.
Years have passed and quarrels they have ev'ry night by the score—
Oft he has wished he was single, he longed for those days of yore.
One day coming home from his business a note on the table lay, [say.
It read "Pray forgive me, I've ran off with Tom," then Harry did murmur and

REFRAIN.

"Tom, you have done me a favor, a favor I'll never forget,
Take her, old pal, you are welcome, oh, you'll have your troubles yet,
All is not gold, Tom, that glitters, this action you'll surely regret,
Still, you have done me a favor, a favor I'll never forget."

MY BLACK SAPHO

Copyright, 1900, by Hofman-Edwards Music Co.

Words and Music by Chas. Edwards.

I love a colored lady, and her name is Sapho Brown,
To me she am de only gal in town;
And soon I will propose to dis dusky colored rose,
For she has my heart turned roun'.
Now next Sunday night I will dress just out of sight,
And to her humble home I will go;
I'll ask her for her hand but I don't know how I'll land,
These words I'll say to black Sapho:

CHORUS.

Ma own black Sapho, I love you so,
Ma heart is aching for you, I know;
Oh, be my wife do, and whisper low,
Just say you love me, ma black Sapho.

When I called she said she loved me, oh, what joy dem words did bring,
With arms aroun' ma neck did fondly cling;
That way we both did linger, I placed upon her finger
A dandy little diamond ring;
I will send out invitations to all of our relations,
And every other coon I know;
When the wedding bells will chime, and de parson says she's mine,
These words I'll say to ma Sapho:—CHORUS.

BY THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

Copyright, 1898, by E. T. Paull.

Words and Music by Annie B. O'Shea.

Although far away from the land I love dearly,
My heart is still free from all sorrow and care,
For I know of a lass there, who loves me sincerely,
And she is the one who my bounty will share,
A fair summer eve by the Lakes of Killarney,
I asked her to be my own dear little bride,
And when I had told her my words were no blarney,
She promised so sweetly with me to abide.

CHORUS.

The girl I shall marry lives in County Kerry,
She's the sweetest and comeliest lass in the land,
And I long to tarry with my little Mary,
Fore'er by the Lakes of Killarney.

At night when asleep of my lass I am dreaming,
In daytime my thoughts are of her while at toil,
For I know that two eyes for me only are beaming
Across the wide ocean on old Ireland's soil,
Sure why should my heart then be troubled with sadness,
I know that my own little lassie is true,
While fond expectations still fill me with gladness,
And soften my labor like sweet morning dew.—*Chorus*

Sing following after Chorus of 2d verse.

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Em'rald isles, and winding bays,
Mountain paths, and woodland dells,
Ever fair Killarney.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS

Copyright, 1898, by T. J. TUCKER. Words and Music by TOM TUCKER.

Bands are playing sweetly, and flags are flying gay,
The American Volunteers, brave boys, are turning out to-day;
With head erect, in martial tread, the people greet with cheers
Our gallant soldier boys in blue, the American Volunteers.

REFRAIN.

Soldiers all, at country's call, where'er the foe appears,
They'll fight for freedom, one and all, the American Volunteers.

CHORUS.

Right face! shoulder arms! steady on the right!
The people know they'll do their best when they go forth to fight;
Left wheel, carry arms! they have got no fears,
But will always gain the day, the American Volunteers. Repeat Cho.

America's sons are brave and true, and when their duty comes,
Respond at once to fall in line behind the fifes and drums;
With banners waving in the air, now this is what one hears:
Oh, see the gallant soldier boys, the American Volunteers.—REF. & CHO.

Tell Me Honey, Do

Copyright, 1898, by A. W. Tams, 109 W. 28th St., N. Y. English Copyright Secured.

Words by Dan Packard. Music by Andrew Le Roc.

Way down in Alabama 'mong'st the sugar cane and corn,
There lives a little yellow gal, the sweetest ever born,
And when the birds have gone to sleep and crickets chirp their lay,
To the music of the banjo you will hear a darkey say.

REFRAIN.

Do you love me honey much as I do you.
Just tell me that you love me with your whole heart true,
I want you for my misses, now don't you like my kisses,
Tell me honey do.
I love you sincerely, yes indeed I do,
Much more than any yellow gal I ever knew
With love I am afire, am I your heart's desire?
Tell me honey do.

Down on the old plantation, when the cotton is in bloom,
The pure magnolia blossoms give the air a sweet perfume,
When melons are the sweetest then the darkies always "spoon,"
They are tasting sweetest honey when they sing this kind of tune.—*Ref.*

DO NOT FORSAKE HER.

Copyright, 1898, by Howley, Haviland & Co. English Copyright secured.

Words and Music by Will A. Heelan.

Within a gilded mansion on a stormy winter's night,
An angry father faced his loving son.
"Your name you have disgraced," he cried, "forever leave my sight,
Lead on the reckless life you have begun."
"I'll go," the lad cried, "far away, forget her and the past;
Forget your boy and mourn for him as dead!"
Then his gentle loving mother rose, her sad tears falling fast,
As she pressed his hand appealingly she said:

CHORUS.

"Do not forsake her, but right her the wrong you've done,
Wed her and take her 'neath a distant sun,
Where the brand of her folly will fade from her fair young brow,
Only think of the love that she bears you, my boy, and do not forsake her now!"

Upon the snow clad stoop there crept a maiden young and fair,
Her white lips breathed a plea to Him above.
"He has wearied of his toy," she cried, "Oh! Heaven, hear my prayer,
Forgive my sin, 'twas for the man I love!"
Her pistol gleamed a blinding flash! the door swung open wide;
They gazed as calm and sweet in death she lay,
As he sunk beside her lifeless form, the lad in anguish cried,
"'Tis done! The last I heard your mother say:"—*Chorus.*

Would You? Well, in a Minute

Copyright, 1898, by E. T. Paull.

Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

If you met a pretty girl, one that set your head awhirl,
Wouldn't you do your very best to win it?
If she'd slyly pass you by, wink her roguish little eye,
Would you? well, in a minute.

CHORUS.

Yes, you would, 'deed you would do 'most anything you could,
Just to say the little thing was really yours;
Wouldn't you? yes, you would, 'deed you would,
Don't tell me, I know you would,
Just to say that she were only yours, you know.

If you knew a little Miss, one that's never had a kiss,
One of the kind that wonders what is in it;
If she came to you, say now, kind of, well—I don't know how,
Would you? well, in a minute.—*Chorus.*

If a widow young and sweet met you smiling on the street,
And says to you, how glad—and then to dim it,
Begs your pardon, a mistake, but, of course, you're wide awake
Would you? well, in a minute.—*Chorus.*

When a maiden, indiscreet, starts to cross a muddy street,
Really her skirts she raises to begin it;
And she stands just where she's at, kind of, I don't care a rap,
Would you? well, in a minute.—*Chorus.*

Now I'm not a selfish elf, if I do say so myself,
Dearly I love the boys that's really in it;
And there's lots of them for fair, should I say to him down there
Would you? well, in a minute.—*Chorus.*

THERE IS LOVE IN MY HEART YET FOR YOU

Copyright, 1898, by Chas. Coleman.

Words by Russel Fox. Music by R. J. Morris.

A woman stopped one evening at a little cottage door,
It was the one that she had left just one short year before.
She came to ask forgiviness from the husband she had wronged
To see her child and home again the erring mother longed.
The door it soon was opened, and the husband recognized.
The woman as his faithless wife he had so dearly prized.
"Can you forgive me, Jack," she said, "tho' I astray was led,"
And while the tears rolled down her cheeks, her husband gently said:

CHORUS.

There is love in my heart yet for you,
Though to me you have not been true;
I love you yet, and the past I'll forget,
For there is love in my heart yet for you.

Their home it was so happy till to her temptation came,
And then her honored life was changed to one of sin and shame.
Another with false promises persuaded her one day
To leave her humble cottage home for city pleasures gay,
But all things are not as they seem, she soon had cause to rue,
And vowed she'd seek forgiviness from her husband kind and true;
So back to home, sweet home, and to the man that she had wed,
She came to ask forgiveness, and to her these words he said:—CHO.

THE ONLY WAY TO HAPPINESS

Copyright, 1899, by Ascher, Schott & Bowsky. Royal Music Co.

Words by H. Williams. Music by Emil Ascher.

English Copyright Secured.

Beside her dear old mother a fair-haired maiden stood,
She knew there was no other to guide her as she would;
She took her mother's hand and then knelt sadly by her side,
To tell an old, old tale again, she stood twix love and pride.
Two rivals sought to win her hand, one offered love alone,
The other wealth and riches grand, if she would be his own;
She loved the lad who had no gold, now which one should she wed
Then, when the maiden's tale was told, her mother softly said:

CHORUS.

The only way to happiness is that where true love lies,
The heart that's sold for shining gold for freedom always sighs,
But love's fair light, so dear and bright, will guide you aright, I know
The only way to happiness is that where the love lights glow.

The twilight shades are stealing and shadows fall around,
A man and woman kneeling beside a lonely mound,
Upon the woman's gentle face there lies a silent tear,
For on the tombstone there they trace the sad words "Mother dear."
Her thoughts revert to times of old, when on that day long past,
She stood between true love and gold, and love had won at last;
She whispered "Jack, since we were wed no truer words I know,
Than those, that she, who sleeps here said, to me so long ago.—Cho

Tell Me That You Love Me, Like You Used to Do.

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By Harry S. Miller & Emily Smith.

What makes you turn away so cold, Sue,
Tell me while de stars shine bright above,
You never acted so in days of old, Sue,
When your little heart was warm with love.
I saved up all de money dat I could, Sue,
Er'nough to buy a little cabin home,
You can make dat cabin gleam if you'll only be its queen
Oh, listen while I sing to you alone.

CHORUS.

Sue, Sue, won't you tell me true,
Tell me that you love me, like you used to do.
Oh, Sue, come do,
Fo' ma heart am breakin' now in two, fo' you, Sue
Yes, Sue, I love you deed I do,
An' I want no other yaller gal but you,
Put your arms arounu me, and tell me little Sue,
Tell me that you love me like you used to do.

Don't tell me dat you has grown tired, Sue,
Cause I loves you eber more and more.
Dere never was another that I 'mired, Sue,
You am really all that I adore.
You 'member when a little boy, and girl, Sue,
You tole me that you love me true and plain.
Won't you say you love me now, like you used to do somehow
Oh, listen while I sing to you again.—*Chorus.*

YANKEE REUBEN GLUE

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Written by Karl Kennett. Music by Lyn Udall.

We pick him up in Cisco,
In Florida or Frisco;
And teach him to manipulate a gun.
We mount him on a pony,
That's razor back'd and bony,
And set him chasing Indians for fun.
His name may be Mullaly, Gugheimer or Pizzali,
It doesn't matter so he wears the blue;
And tinker, clerk or cooper,
When once he's turn'd a trooper,
He'll answer to the name of Reuben Glue.

CHORUS.

You may talk of your Palatkins,
Your Turks, or Tommy Atkins,
We know 'em and we rather like 'em too;
But when it comes to citing
The chaps to do the fighting.
We pin our faith to Yankee Reuben Glue

When border troubles vex us,
We send him down to Texas,
To make a blooming blister of his face.
And when the gay Comanches
Cut up and burn the ranches,
He goes and gently puts them back in place
As often as they've got him,
Where they could safely pot him,
He's died as Yankee troopers ever do;
He's not a howling beauty,
But then he knows his duty.
And does it like a Yankee Reuben Glue.—*Chorus.*

We hardly ever see him,
We wouldn't like to be him,
We all have other irons in the fire.
But when the Yankee Nation,
Gets up a celebration,
We want him there in holiday attire.
And so may heaven speed him,
He's there if we should need him,
As almost any day we're apt to do;
There isn't many of him,
So all the more we love him,
And here's a health to Yankee Reuben Glue.—*Chorus*

JOSEPHINE MY JO

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Words and Music by Paul Barnes.

I know a little maiden and her name is Josephine,
Josephine my Jo.
She is just the sweetest little maiden ever seen
And I love her so.
I dont know if she'll have me or if I stand any show,
But I'll ask her to be mine to-day,
Sweet Josephine my Jo,
And this is what I'll say.

CHORUS.

Josephine my Jo,
Say I'm your only beau,
And if you love me truly tell me so my Jo.
Josephine you are the queen of all the girls I knew
And if you love me tell me so.

And if she says she loves I will go and buy the ring,
For Josephine my Jo.
I'll build a little cottage just to put my Josie in,
She'll be true I know.
And when the happy time does come when we shall married be
And I'm walking down the aisle so gay
With Josephine my Jo,
You'll hear the organ play.

CHORUS.

Jopsephine my Jo, say I'm your only beau
And if you love me truly,
Tell me so my Jo,
Josephine my Jo,
If you love me, tell me so my Jo

BRING MAMA BACK TO ME

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Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

A little tot of seven, sat on her father's knee.
"Tell me dad," she whispered, "Where can mama be?"
"Hush," he gently answered, "she has gone away.
This is Christmas eve, love, run away and play,
Santa Claus will bring you presents by the score."
Then the little maiden jumped down to the floor.
Filled his heart with anguish, tho'ts of her who fled,
As she knelt beside him and then she softly said:

REFRAIN.

"I don't want no Christmas presents, Santa Claus can keep them all,
Tell him that I said this, won't you? If to see me he should call,
Tell him I am longing, papa, and how happy I would be,
If in place of toys and dolly, he'd bring mama back to me."

He stooped and raised her gently and kissed her once again.
"Papa you are crying, have I caused you pain,
Tell me are you lonesome, why are you so sad?
If he brought back mama, would it make you glad?"
"Hush! my little loved one you will break my heart.
Some day you shall see her tho' we're far apart.
Kiss me goodnight darling, let me be alone."
"Don't forget, dear papa," she cried in mournful tone.—*Refrain.*

Asleep at the Switch.

Copyright, 1897, by E. T. Paull.

Words and Music by Chas. Shackford.

The midnight express will be late here to-night,
So side-track the West-bound freight;
Those were the orders that Tom had received,
As he passed through the round-house gate;
Tom was the switchman, with heart true as steel,
And duty was first in his breast,
But the thought of his boy, who was dying at home,
Crazed Tom, and he fell at his post.
The shrill whistle blew on the freight for the West,
The rumble was heard of the midnight express.

REFRAIN.

Asleep at the switch, and no warning light,
To signal those trains that rushed through the night,
When down to the switch ran Tom's daughter Nell,
The crisis had passed, his boy would get well;
She caught up the light and waved it on high,
And side-tracked the West-bound freight,
And the midnight express all in safety flew by,
While Tom was asleep at the switch.

The freight slowly backed on the main track again,
The men called to Tom good-night,
Only the sob of a girl made reply,
And they saw by the engine's light,
Tom lying flat at his post where he fell,
And there, with her head on his breast,
Was his brave daughter Nell, who had saved all their lives,
And those on the midnight express.
Each man on the freight for the West bared his head,
For Tom's heart had stopped, at his post he lay dead.

REFRAIN.

Asleep at the switch, the president read,
"And my wife and child were on board," he said,
But as he read on, his stern face relaxed,
"This road shall reward such heroic acts";
He sat at his desk and filled out a check,
And sent it with all dispatch,
'Twas for Tom's daughter Nell, for her brave deed that night,
While he slept his last sleep at the switch.

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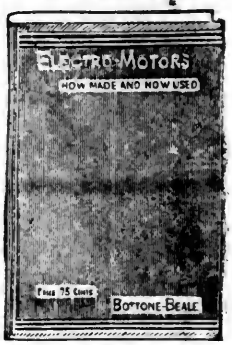

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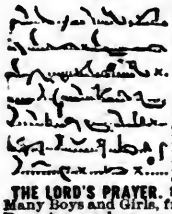

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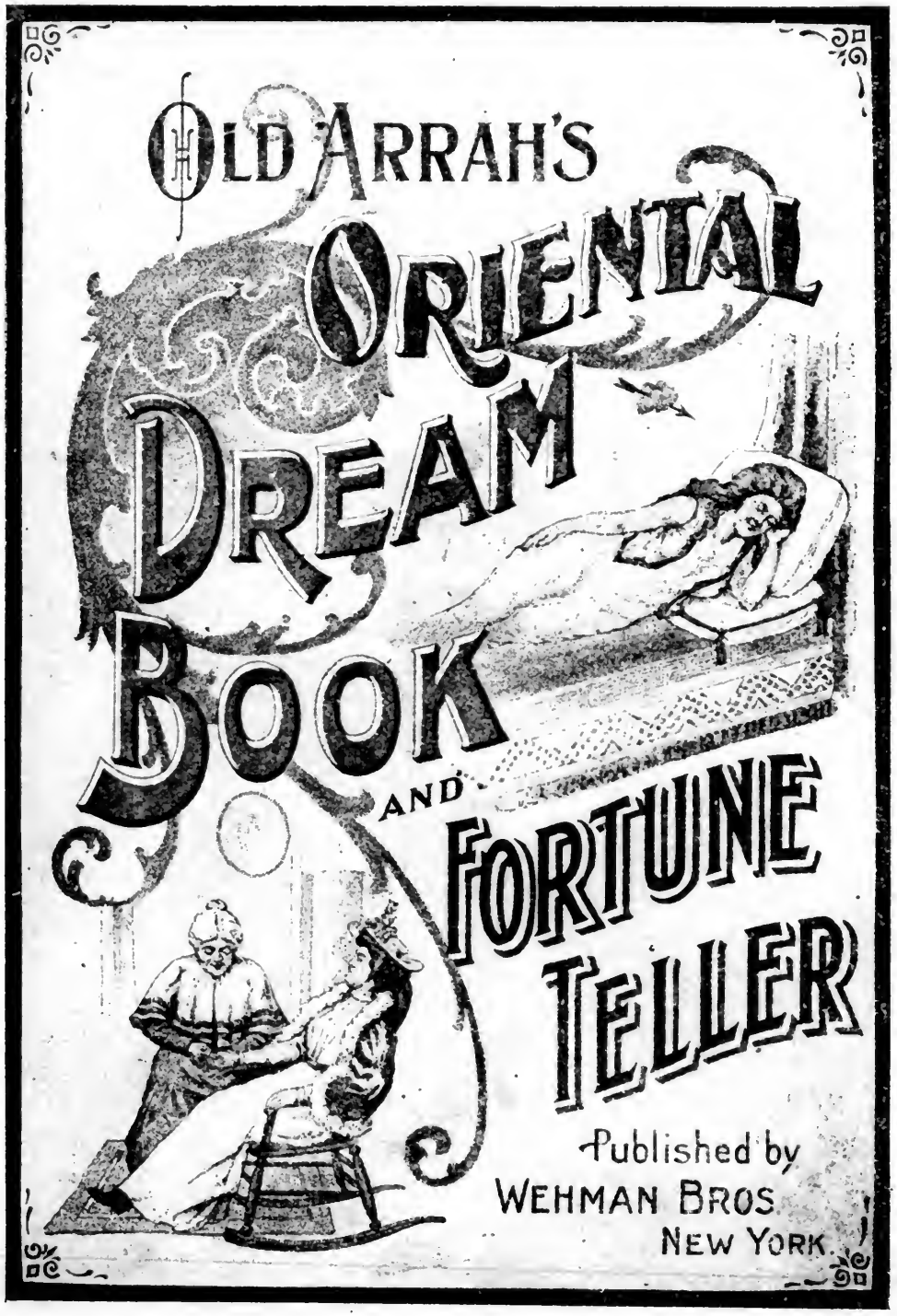

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